

14.

# F I G H T

Between An

## English Fire-Ship

AND

## A French Privatiere.

Tune of, Give ear to my Frolicksome Ditty.

Licensed according to Order.

I.

I'm a Prize for a Captain to fall on,  
my Name it is *Sea faring Kate*,  
My Sails they are Top and Top Gallant,  
a Frigate that's of the First Rate.

II.

A *French-man* came lately to Board me,  
which was not a very hard thing;  
And swore that he first would Romage me,  
then make a Prize for the King.

III.

Last Summer he Sail'd from the *Shannon*,  
and long at an Anchor had Rid,  
On his Mid-ship he had a good Cannon,  
was all the great Guns that he had.

IV.

He Hoisted his Main-Yard, and Steered  
his Course, and gave me a Broad-side,  
My Poop and my Stern Port sneared,  
between the Wind, Water and Tide.

V.

Close under his Lee I did hover,  
with all the force I could afford,  
But, as he had been a Rank Rover,  
he briskly did lay me on Board.

VI.

He fought for some hidden Treasure,  
and fell to his doing of Feats,  
But found me a Fire-ship of pleasure,  
when he entred the month of the straits.

VII.

It was a high Tide, and the Water,  
with an Easterly Wind it did blow,  
Our Frigats got foul of each other,  
and could not get off, nor Ride so.

VIII.

My bottom was strongly well planked,  
my Deck could a Tempest endure,  
But ne'er was poor Dog in a blanket,  
so tossed as was the *Monsieur*.

IX.

No Near then his Course he still steered,  
and clapt his hand down to his sword,  
But as his loof Tackle he cleared,  
I brought his Main-Top by the Board.

X.

He feared to burn a Sea Martyr,  
for my Gun-Room was all on a fire,  
But I blew up my second Deck quarter,  
just as he began to Retire.

XI.

I seper'd him so from the *Sunder*,  
as ne'er was a Son of a whore,  
I burnt his Main-Yard at a Venture,  
so that he would Board me no more.

XII.

Then *Monsieur* got off, and was grieved,  
and Curst the English first Rates,  
For, till then, he could ne'er have beleived,  
that *Strunwilo* lay in the *Streights*.

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